Try Not To Miss Me

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Try Not To Miss Me

by rosiex

Summary

In which Jeongguk and Yoongi spend a weekend apart and it's not a big deal. Not at all.

The usual: smut and fluff ahead, guys.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

If he's honest, Jeongguk isn't entirely sure what being someone's boyfriend involves.

When he was younger he always assumed it was going on romantic strolls in the park holding hands and writing each other soppy love letters and lots of stuff involving flowers and chocolates and jewellery. Then he entered the idol life and being able to date became such a far off concept that he never really thought about it again.

As for being Yoongi's boyfriend; Jeongguk's pretty sure it will be nothing like the visions he had as a child. For one, back then it never entered his mind that the that person on the other end of the hand holding would be a guy. It wasn't until he started out as a trainee, living away from home and surrounded by new people, that Jeongguk eventually realised the girls he encountered held absolutely zero interest for him. If anything he was frightened of them, seeming strange and otherworldly to him.

Secondly, well, he’s pretty sure Yoongi would rather spend the day lazing in bed than walk round a park and he’s pretty sure composing a soppy note to him would be met with derision. As for flowers and hearts and candlelit rendezvous', Jeongguk doesn’t need any of that, and he’s certain that Yoongi doesn’t either. It’s the sort of thing he can imagine Seokjin liking, sure, but Yoongi? No way.

In truth, Jeongguk doesn’t really notice anything tangible that changes after he and Yoongi kind of decided that the boyfriend tag wasn’t altogether awful. They still carry on as normal: as normal as it can be at least in their situation. They still find every opportunity possible to seek a moment alone to kiss each other until they’re breathless, though sadly the moments are never long enough to indulge in anything further than desperate grinding against each other. There are still the stolen touches, the pair often entwining hands when out of sight of the other members or resting their heads on each others’ shoulders when relaxing in the lounge.

Jeongguk thinks that one thing has changed. It's something, however, that he can’t really place his finger on. It’s something like contentment; something like safety; something that keeps his heart fluttering at the smallest actions. Just knowing that Yoongi wants to attach himself to Jeongguk in this way is mind-blowing. That someone so fiery and passionate, sweet and caring, just overall fucking wonderful wants to call Jeongguk his boyfriend- well, it’s something that Jeongguk is still struggling to comprehend.

Yoongi's leaning against the counter sipping cautiously at a steaming mug of tea when Jeongguk wanders into the kitchen one Wednesday morning, a few weeks after their sort of admission that they are perhaps a couple. He immediately throws a small, sleepy smile Jeongguk's way. He looks so cute that Jeongguk is hit with an urge to fling himself at the elder and hug him for the rest of the day, but he doesn't. Namjoon and Seokjin are in the kitchen too so instead he simply smiles back, pulls out a chair and sits down at the table.

"Here, have some porridge," Seokjin immediately tells him, placing a bowl of mush down in front of the younger.

Jeongguk really doesn't want any porridge; he'd much rather the left over pizza that he knows is sitting in the fridge. He knows however after years of living together which battles he should choose and arguing against the healthier breakfast is definitely not the best way to start the day. He picks up a spoon and starts stirring it, waiting for it to cool a little more.

"Thanks, hyung," he smiles and Seokjin nods back approvingly.

"Got a busy day ahead," Seokjin says as though explaining the purpose of the porridge.

He's certainly right. There's new choreography to practice today, followed by some fittings for a photoshoot happening tomorrow then a brief appearance on a radio show. Jeongguk groans inwardly at the thought of the hectic day ahead even though truthfully he knows he wouldn't have it any other way. Being busy is a good thing; it means people are interested, that they are still doing well.

"When are you and Taehyung in Japan?" Namjoon asks. "It's this weekend, right?"

Jeonnguk nods, attempting a spoonful of the porridge. It burns his tongue slightly but it's palatable. Seokjin really is a good chef, making such a bland breakfast vaguely appetising with his additions.

"Yeah, we fly out Friday night," Jeongguk says, mouth full.

They chat a little about the weekend. Schedules have meant that only Jeongguk and Taehyung are available to attend an awards ceremony in Tokyo so they will be representing the group on Saturday night. There's been a couple of shoots and interviews scheduled in around the event but nothing too strenuous. Jeongguk's kind of looking forward to it. It will be almost relaxing. The only thing he's not

looking forward to, and he's loathe to admit it, is that it will be the first time since this whole *thing* between him and Yoongi started that they will be away from each other. Admittedly it's only two days but Yoongi has been a constant presence in Jeongguk's life lately; even if they spend time apart from different schedules, they're still never far away. Jeongguk wishes he wasn't worrying about it so much. It's no big deal, really.

Eventually Seokjin and Namjoon rinse out their bowls, placing them next to the sink to be washed up at a later time. They head upstairs to get showered and ready for the day. It's just Yoongi and Jeongguk left in the kitchen. Yoongi's still sipping on his drink. His holds his mug with both hands, looking at Jeongguk from over the top. He flicks his head, motioning for Jeongguk to come over. He willingly does, standing up and wandering over to stand in front of the elder. Yoongi drops one hand from the mug, resting it lightly on Jeongguk's hip instead.

"Hey," he says softly.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies.

They both stand there for a few seconds smiling at each other like idiots before Yoongi's hand tugs Jeongguk forward very slightly and their lips meet in a tender kiss. It deepens only slightly given their location, but the gentle brief touch of their tongues will do for the moment.

"You looking forward to Japan?" Yoongi asks, raising the mug to his lips to take another sip of the drink.

Jeongguk shrugs. "I guess so. We've been to Tokyo loads before," he says.

Yoongi hums in agreement. "True. But you'll have fun I'm sure."

Jeongguk doesn't answer, just leans in and presses their lips together once more, letting them linger there. "Try not to miss me too much," he murmurs against Yoongi's lips. His tone is teasing, masking the deeper worry that Yoongi might not even notice his absence.

He doesn't get to hear Yoongi's response as the sound of footsteps descending the stairs reaches their ears and they swiftly break apart. By the time Hoseok's entering the kitchen Jeongguk is back at the table eating his porridge and Yoongi is still sipping his tea.

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The next two days pass in a blur of activity. Jeongguk's loving learning the new choreography but damn if it isn't difficult, and anyone who ever dares tell him that a photoshoot is just standing round taking pictures clearly has never suffered through one. By the time Thursday night rolls round Jeongguk knows he should probably head to bed like most of the other members. But he also knows that Yoongi is still out working at the recording studio, so he plants himself on the couch downstairs to wait for him to return.

Jeongguk's rather tired by the time the key turns in the front door but as soon as he sees Yoongi he's a lot more alert. Yoongi looks shattered, shuffling past the lounge and, as always, looking pleasantly surprised when he spots the younger. Jeongguk's waited up for him for a few nights now and as much as he admonishes Jeongguk for making himself tired for his sake, Jeongguk can tell that it means a lot to Yoongi. Yoongi flops down onto the couch next to Jeongguk, taking hold of his hand before closing his eyes. Jeongguk knows he isn't being rude, just tired, so he leans in and kisses him chastely. He can feel Yoongi's smile as he does so.

"You look exhausted, hyung," Jeongguk tells him.

"Always so complimentary," Yoongi replies, eyes still closed and lips still smiling. He squeezes Jeongguk's hand.

"Ah, you know what I mean," Jeongguk says.

Jeongguk's gaze roams over Yoongi who's near enough passed out against the couch cushions. He feels like he just wants to- he's not sure, take care of him or something.

"Would you like a massage?" he says so quickly he's not sure if Yoongi will be able to understand him. Yoongi's eyes flutter open.

"A massage?" Yoongi's voice is curious and a tad amused.

"I mean, if you want," Jeongguk shrugs. "You just seem like- ah, forget it."

"No, that sounds really nice," Yoongi smiles. "But I'm not sure Namjoon or Seokjin will want to wake up to you giving me a massage. Might scar them for life."

"I can do it here," Jeongguk suggests. "Just like, your back maybe."

Yoongi's mouth twitches into a deeper smile before he bites down on his lower lip. "If you're sure?" Yoongi says, still amused but clearly interested.

Jeongguk nods and reaches out. He positions himself further back against the cushions, spreading his legs and motioning for Yoongi to sit between them. When he does so Jeongguk can't resist pressing a quick kiss to the nape of his neck. In all honesty, Jeongguk doesn't entirely know what he's doing. He just tries to think of how his tired muscles would like to be touched. And if that fails, he will at least try to do the exact opposite of that horrific massage Seokjin gave him once. That was fucking painful.

He lifts his hands to Yoongi's shoulders and starts to gently press in his fingers, carefully working the muscles there. Yoongi exhales and tips his head forward. Jeongguk moves slowly, taking his time to knead at him, his thumbs digging soft circles into the skin of his neck.

Jeongguk is about to ask if it's okay but Yoongi's started making these tiny, almost inaudible gasps of pleasure and fuck if it isn't starting to turn Jeongguk on. He feels a bit awkward, trying to do a nice thing just for Yoongi and ending up getting aroused from it, but there's no point fighting it. He moves his hands down a bit, applying pressure just by his shoulder blades. Jeongguk makes sure to knead out every knot he comes across before sliding his fingers up to the base of Yoongi's neck, up even more to work deeper circles into his hair.

"Feels good," Yoongi sighs.

Jeongguk really wishes he could take Yoongi's shirt off to be able to do this easier - and also get to feel that soft skin under his fingers - but it would be a bit awkward to explain away why he's sitting down here in the early hours of the morning massaging a shirtless Yoongi. That said, it *is* the early hours of the morning. No one's likely to be coming into the lounge and even if they did he'd hear them approaching. Jeongguk gets a little braver. He leans forward, kissing his way along the curve of Yoongi’s neck before hovering his mouth over his ear.

“I’ve got another idea how I can help you relax,” he whispers. His hands keep working at Yoongi’s back and he can feel the muscles there stiffen slightly at his suggestion.

“Jeongguk,” Yoongi sighs, half in warning, half in interest.

“Just want to take care of you, hyung,” he says, mouth against

Yoongi's ear now.

Jeongguk feels more confident, more secure, in being able to do things like this now that they're kind of official. Like he's allowed to be a bit more open, somehow. Jeongguk shifts out from behind Yoongi, pushing him back gently to sit against the cushions. He almost had expected for Yoongi to try to stop him, to tell him this is too risky, but the look in Yoongi's eyes is one of pure need. It's been far too long since they've been able to indulge in anything like this.

Jeongguk gets onto his knees and unzips Yoongi's jeans, working them down his thighs just enough. He inwardly curses these damn skinny jeans they all wear, making it near impossible to bring down much further. Jeongguk takes hold of the waistband of Yoongi's boxers, tugging them down so that his cock bobs free. Yoongi's so hard already and it sends a throb of arousal through Jeongguk to know how worked up Yoongi gets for him. Jeongguk takes hold of the base, keeping it steady as he kneels up and takes the head gently between his lips.

Yoongi exhales slowly, a sound of utter relief at finally having the contact of Jeongguk's mouth on him. Jeongguk sucks lightly, his tongue swirling around the tip before edging further down his length. Yoongi's hands reach up, threading through Jeongguk's hair. They don't grip tightly, simply card through the strands as Jeongguk takes more of him into his mouth.

"*Kook*," Yoongi breathes out.

Jeongguk keeps his movements slow, taking his time as his mouth starts sliding up and down unhurriedly. The taste of Yoongi is bitter on his tongue but he doesn't care. He loves how the muscles of Yoongi's thighs twitch beneath him as the pleasure ripples through his body. Jeongguk just wants to make him feel good. He knows that he can't quite take Yoongi as deep as Jimin probably could, his gag reflex kicking in as soon as he attempts to get Yoongi's cock near his throat, but Yoongi really doesn't seem to care. Yoongi groans quietly, his head falling back against the couch.

"How are you so good at this already?" Yoongi asks breathily, a laugh caught in his throat.

Jeongguk pulls back, letting the compliment wash over him. He doesn't think he's that great, just trying to replicate what's been done to him before, but he revels in the praise. He runs his tongue along

Yoongi's length, flattening wetly against the underside. He lets it lap up the precome that is running steadily down Yoongi's cock.

"Golden maknae," Jeongguk winks.

Yoongi huffs out a fuller laugh at his comment and Jeongguk grins. He lets the tip of his tongue drag across the slit before wrapping his lips fully around Yoongi's cock once more. The stretched skin is so hot, throbbing in his mouth as he sets up the languid slide again. He likes the pace like this, slow enough so that he can really focus on giving Yoongi pleasure and drinking in the sounds that are escaping him. It's turning Jeongguk on so much. He presses his palm against his own crotch, trying to get a hint of the friction that he's craving.

Jeongguk attempts sinking his mouth down a little further the next time, trying to push past his reflexes. Yoongi inhales sharply, fingers curling a bit harder in his hair, though still not anywhere close to painful. He manages to take that bit more, inching down a bit further again on the next slide.

"Fuck, yes," Yoongi sighs quietly. He takes a few deep, shaky breaths before speaking again, voice like a whisper. "Needed this so badly, baby."

Jeongguk feels a shiver of desire travel down his spine. He really should protest against Yoongi's pet name but fuck, he kind of loves it. He moans around Yoongi's cock in response. He knows Yoongi must trust him a lot to call him that without fearing ridicule and it makes it all the more pleasing to hear. Jeongguk's enjoying himself a surprising amount. He obviously loves being on the receiving end but god, it's amazing to know he can make Yoongi feel so good.

Jeongguk speeds up his pace but only slightly, enjoying taking things slow and feeling and hearing the response from Yoongi. One of Yoongi's hands falls from his hair, stroking tenderly against his jaw. The action causes Jeongguk to look up, meeting his gaze. There's so much want there that it takes Jeongguk aback. Yoongi's lips are parted as he watches Jeongguk so intently. Jeongguk's eyes fall closed once more, focusing all his attention onto the slick glide of his lips up and down on Yoongi's cock.

"Oh, Kook," he moans quietly. "I'm so close."

Jeongguk hums lowly at the comment, the sound causing Yoongi's to gasp almost inaudibly. He keeps up his movements, letting his tongue drag against the heated skin as he his mouth bobs slowly, drawing out

the pleasure from Yoongi bit by bit. The fingers on his jaw curl around Jeongguk's ear, the hand in his hair tightening more.

"Fuck, don't stop, don't stop," Yoongi whispers.

Jeongguk doesn't have any intention of doing so. He keeps his mouth working Yoongi's cock, slow and wet, and the cracked groan that escapes Yoongi is Jeongguk's only warning before Yoongi's hips lift a little and he's coming in Jeongguk's mouth. Jeongguk's lips keep moving, drawing out every moment of pleasure for Yoongi. He swallows and finally lets Yoongi's cock leave his mouth when he eventually seems to get too sensitive.

Jeongguk drags his hand over his lips. He leans forward and carefully tucks Yoongi back into his boxers before pulling his jeans back up too. Yoongi seems to melt back into the couch cushions, his expression one of deep satisfaction.

"God, that was amazing," he murmurs.

Jeongguk stands up, rubbing at his knees lightly before sitting down to Yoongi. His head is still tipped back against the cushions and he tilts it to the side to look at Jeongguk. He smiles at him, sated and happy.

Jeongguk leans in, lips parting almost as soon as they meet Yoongi's. The kiss is light, Yoongi's orgasm making him lazier than usual. It doesn't stop him from reaching down though, rubbing his hand against the prominent bulge in Jeongguk's sweatpants. Yoongi pulls back, a mischievous smile pulling at his mouth. Jeongguk licks his own lips, anticipation building.

It's just when Yoongi starts to dip his fingers below the waistband of Jeongguk's sweatpants that they both hear the distinct sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. Yoongi's hand immediately pulls away and Jeongguk draws his legs up to his chest, trying to hide his obvious erection. They sit there quietly, trying to avoid being noticed but to no avail.

"Oh shit!"

Namjoon drops the empty glass he's holding, the shards covering the floor as it shatters. His hand rests over his heart clearly in shock from the unexpected sight of the two of them in the lounge.

"God, are you okay?" Yoongi asks, jumping up.

"Yeah, yeah, fine," Namjoon nods. "You just gave me a fright. I figured someone had left the light on and was going to turn it off. I didn't think anyone would still be up."

"Sorry, hyung," Jeongguk says absently. All he can really focus on is how glad he is that Namjoon didn't walk in a few minutes ago.

"It's fine," Namjoon tells him dismissively. "Just- can the two of you not sit in here in silence in future. It's a bit creepy."

"Noted. We'll help you clean up, Joon," Yoongi says.

It takes a while before they've swept up all of the broken glass and checked the floor for any stray shards. Finally all three of them head upstairs. Once he reaches his and Namjoon's bedroom door Jeongguk hovers by it uncertainly. He gets an inquisitive look from Namjoon at his hesitation and so starts to step inside.

"Night," he says to Yoongi.

"Night," he replies.

They share an awkward look, full of guilt and longing, before heading into their separate rooms.

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Jeongguk yawns and scratches at the back of his neck, only really half watching the video on the tablet he's holding. He's been in his hotel room for just under an hour and he's already bored. He was kind of hoping that Taehyung would be around to keep him company but he's in the next room talking on the phone with someone about filming for another drama series. Jeongguk's currently watching a video of one of the group's latest performances. It might seem a bit weird to be watching their own stuff, a bit arrogant perhaps, but he does like to do so sometimes. Jeongguk feels immensely proud of what they all achieve together and it fires him up to look back on some of their better performances now and again.

His gaze is drawn to the sidebar midway through the performance, to the list of videos it suggests that Jeongguk may want to view. Glaring right at him is the link to an Agust D track. Jeongguk deliberates a moment, his finger hesitating above the screen. Maybe it's a little stalkery or something but what the hell. He clicks on it anyway. Jeongguk hasn't watched this video since it was released. He remembers feeling in awe of his hyung when he first saw it.

It's strange to watch. The persona of the rapper is so full of bravado and swagger, spitting out the verses with so much passion. It seems bizarre to think that the man on the screen is now Jeongguk's boyfriend. The same person who kisses Jeongguk so tenderly and holds onto him tightly and blushes when the younger compliments him. Though the quiet confidence is of course still there, and his passionate side, well, Jeongguk loves how often he gets to see that.

There's a loud knock at the door. Jeongguk hastily clicks the power on the tablet as though he's been caught doing something he shouldn't. He chucks it onto the covers and wanders over to the door.

"God, I thought that call would never end," Taehyung sighs. He breezes into the room, walking past Jeongguk and flopping down onto the bed.

"Oh, please do come in," Jeongguk says, voice full of sarcasm. He drifts over to the bed and sits down cross legged at the end, facing Taehyung.

"Thanks," Taehyung replies airily. "So how does a movie and room service sound?"

Jeongguk shrugs. They've got to be up crazily early tomorrow so a quieter evening seems like a good call. "Sure," he agrees.

"Awesome," Taehyung grins. "You sort the food, I'll sort the movie."

He taps on the tablet screen and it lights up before Jeongguk has chance to grab it from his hands. Yoongi's paused video fills the screen and Taehyung's eyes widen gleefully.

"You're fucking kidding me," he laughs, looking for all the world like this is the best discovery he's ever made.

"I just clicked on it by accident," Jeongguk immediately protests, but Taehyung's having none of it.

"Yeah, yeah, that's what they all say," he grins.

"Here, let me pick the movie," Jeongguk huffs, snatching the tablet back. "You can order the food, you speak Japanese better anyway."

Taehyung cackles, actually fucking cackles and rolls off the bed to grab the menu. Jeongguk just tries to look at the screen and ignore the heat burning in his cheeks.

An hour later and the two of them are sprawled on the bed, absolutely stuffed with food and trying to focus on the movie. Jeongguk groans painfully.

"Ah, why did you let me eat all that?" he grumbles, hand resting on his stomach.

"Don't blame me for your lack of self control," Taehyung retorts, sounding similarly uncomfortable.

Jeongguk discards the last of the plates, adding it to the pile on the floor beside the bed. He settles back into the mattress, fluffing up the pillows behind his back a little. The text notification on Jeongguk's phone sounds. He's quite surprised to see it's from Yoongi. Normally it's Taehyung and Jimin who text him; the elder members don't tend to message him directly, preferring to stick to their group chat. Jeongguk opens it eagerly.

Yoongi:

so I hear you're an Agust D fan

The blush instantly returns to Jeongguk's face. His hand flies out to the side, instantly colliding with Taehyung's shoulder.

"What the fuck, Tae?" he exclaims.

"What!" Taehyung yelps, the tone of innocence ruined somewhat by the devious glint in his eyes.

"Did you tell Yoongi I was watching his video earlier?" Jeongguk demands.

"I thought you just clicked on it accidentally," Taehyung smirks, enjoying catching Jeongguk out.

"You're the fucking worst," Jeongguk mumbles, palm covering his face.

"Whatever. This has probably made Yoongi-hyung's day," Taehyung sighs, rolling his eyes. "Honestly, I do a good deed and this is what I get."

Taehyung doesn't get to say much more as he receives a whack to his head with a pillow which promptly cuts him off, though it doesn't stop his laughter. Jeongguk picks up his phone and quickly types a reply.

Jeongguk:

I just clicked on a video by mistake

Yoongi:

Tae told me you'd say that

Jeongguk groans internally. God, he must seem so lame to Yoongi right now.

Yoongi:

well if it wasn't a mistake

th en that's kind of sweet

(and stalkery)

mainly sweet

Jeongguk smiles despite himself. Jeongguk realises that he's fighting a losing battle by pretending that he wasn't intentionally watching the video. He attempts to flirt his way out of it.

Jeongguk:

maybe it wasn't totally a mistake

you looked hot ;)

It makes Jeongguk cringe a little bit to type out a compliment like that, let alone actually send it to someone. Shit, did he really just send that to Yoongi? Oh god, why did he go for a fucking winking emoji? Total overkill. His stomach does a strange kind of flip flop as he sees the read notification pop up.

Yoongi:

oh. thanks

It's hard to read Yoongi's tone over messages like this. His response seems a bit standoffish when Jeongguk first reads it, but he imagines it's more Yoongi's awkwardness at knowing how to react to a compliment like that.

Yoongi:

what are you up to?

besides stalking me

Jeongguk:

watching a movie with Tae.

room service cos we're lazy

Yoongi:

oh

I thought you were in separate rooms this trip

Jeongguk:

we are. just hanging out for a bit tho

Jeongguk can see that Yoongi's typing something else. He waits for another message to come through but nothing does and eventually the typing symbol stops. Jeongguk sends another message, not wanting their brief text conversation to be over already. He's not sure where this surge of confidence comes from - perhaps not being face-to-face makes it easier - but he decides to continue his attempts at flirting.

Jeongguk:

wish you were here to share the room with me

Yoongi:

me too

There's a few moments before the next message comes through.

Yoongi:

wish we could have more time alone together

Jeongguk:

yeah

what would we do if we were in this room alone together?

Jeongguk seriously has no idea where this confidence is coming from. Its just that being official as they are makes him feel freer somehow. The risk of embarrassment is still there but he sort of knows that

Yoongi will still be there no matter how embarrassing he may be. At least Jeongguk hopes he will.

Yoongi:

hmm

well

I think we are both really in need of a good, hard, long

nap

Jeongguk lets out a small laugh at Yoongi's message. He's grinning down at his phone when Taehyung speaks.

"Jeon Jeongguk. Never did I think I'd see the day when you'd be getting all giggly over a guy," Taehyung smirks.

"I do not fucking *giggle*," Jeongguk huffs. "And I just happened to read something funny."

"From a certain hyung I'll bet," Taehyung continues.

"Shut up," is Jeongguk's amazingly witty retort. He truly astounds himself sometimes.

Taehyung's face softens a little. He places a hand on Jeongguk's forearm.

"I'm only teasing," he says gently. His eyes flicker over Jeongguk's face briefly. "Yoongi does make you happy right? I mean, it seems like he does, but you know, you can always talk with me if not."

Jeongguk's annoyance at Taehyung's teasing rapidly dissipates. He's looking at Jeongguk with such care and concern that it warms the younger greatly.

Jeongguk looks down and picks at a thread on the bed covers. "He makes me really happy," Jeongguk admits quietly. Taehyung's hand squeezes his arm.

"Good," he nods. "I think you make him really happy too."

Jeongguk keeps looking down but when he looks up Taehyung's face breaks out into a wide smile and Jeongguk can't help but smile back. A comfortable silence settles back over the room.

"Are you and Jimin still, you know?" Jeongguk asks after a short pause.

"Yeah," Taehyung smiles. "It was a bit odd at first getting used to being just the two of us, but it's fun."

Jeongguk nods and Taehyung looks back at the screen. Jeongguk leaves it a few moments before chancing picking his phone back up.

Jeongguk:

I can think of a few things more fun than a nap...

Yoongi:

really? napping is pretty great

Jeongguk:

fine. next time we're alone lets just sleep then

Yoongi:

...

well lets not be hasty

Jeongguk grins. He looks back up at the movie which seems to be drawing to its conclusion, though in all honesty Jeongguk hasn't really been paying attention to most of it.

Jeongguk:

what would we do instead then...?

Yoongi:

wtf

are you seriously trying to do this right now?

Jeongguk bites back a smile. He can imagine the look on Yoongi's face at this moment, slightly huffy from Jeongguk's persistence at moving the conversation in a certain direction and a tad flustered from being asked to type out his thoughts like this. Jeongguk's always enjoyed teasing his hyungs and being his boyfriend certainly doesn't make Yoongi exempt.

Jeongguk:

trying to do what?

Yoongi:

don't act all innocent

trying to distract me when I'm working

Jeongguk:

uh, you were the one who messaged me first

Yoongi:

won't be making that mistake again

Jeongguk:

:(

Jeongguk looks at the screen. He decides to give up for the moment on winding up Yoongi. He worries a little that perhaps he's being a bit childish. He can see that Yoongi's typing something but for the amount of time it takes to compose, the message that arrives is surprisingly short and blunt.

Yoongi:

is Tae still there?

Jeongguk:

yeah

Yoongi:

I see

Jeongguk doesn't get a chance to see what he writes next as the man in question starts talking next to him.

"Awesome movie, huh?" Taehyung smiles. Jeongguk now notices that the credits have started rolling on the screen.

"Yeah. Great," Jeongguk replies.

"Can you just explain the ending again to me, I don't entirely think I understood it?" Taehyung asks.

He looks over at Jeongguk expectantly. Shit, Jeongguk can barely remember what the plot was, let alone the ending. Luckily Taehyung grins widely before he has to try and answer.

"Wow, you really don't hide your panic well," he laughs. "Don't worry. I know you were too caught up with lover boy there to pay attention to anything as mundane as a plot."

"I was watching!" Jeongguk protests, though he's not entirely sure why. It's pretty obvious he's been glued to his phone for most of the second half of the movie. As though just to prove Taehyung's point Jeongguk's text notification sounds. Then again, and after one more pause, a third time.

"You know, I'm really starting to regret encouraging this relationship," Taehyung groans, though he smiles broadly as he says it. He reaches out to ruffle Jeongguk's hair before standing up. Jeongguk's hand instantly lifts up, flattening the strands back down.

"You're going?" Jeongguk asks. As much he'd like to have time alone to message Yoongi, he really doesn't want to be one of those assholes who ignores their friends or makes them feel unwanted.

"Yeah, I think Yoongi-hyung is keen to talk," Taehyung winks, nodding at the phone in Jeongguk's hand which makes the notification sound once more as if on cue.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to get so distracted-" Jeongguk starts but is cut off by Taehyung holding up a hand to silence him.

"Don't worry about it, Kook," he laughs. "It's cute. I just need to get some sleep. I'll see you bright and early tomorrow, okay?"

"Cool," Jeongguk smiles, his sudden worry alleviated.

Taehyung squeezes his ankle affectionately as he walks by the end of the bed and then Jeongguk hears the sound of the door closing. He waits for a few moments before he looks down at his phone though he's not sure why. Once he does he kind of wishes he'd taken a few more moments to ready himself.

Yoongi:

so then I guess I shouldn't tell you just how much I want to be there alone with you right now

finish what we started last night

wanted to go down on you so badly. love how you taste

Yoongi:

ah god sorry. was that too much?

Jeongguk isn't quite sure how he can find someone simultaneously so hot and so sweet. Yoongi's first three messages have an immediate effect on him, heat pooling quickly in his lap. The image of Yoongi going down on him right now; fuck, his memories of the last time are so vivid and it makes him suddenly ache to feel that again.

But the last message sends a pang of deepest affection through him. He can see the gap of barely a minute when Yoongi got no response; can sense the concern in his words that he may have crossed some sort of line and offended Jeongguk. Jeongguk is quick to respond.

Jeongguk:

definitely not too much. keep going

(tae's gone now btw)

Yoongi:

so you're alone?

Jeongguk:

yep

and got this huge bed all to myself

Jeongguk can feel the tips of his ears burning a little as he types. They're the sort of lines he would struggle with saying out loud, but the messages help create the right amount of distance to talk like this.

Yoongi:

wish I was there

would spend all night just making you feel good

take my time

Jeongguk wets his lips, his legs shifting slightly. Despite the amount of explicit stuff that they've done together so far and the utterances that escape each other in the heat of the moment, seeing Yoongi's thoughts written down like this send a deep thrill of excitement shooting right through Jeongguk's body. He hadn't really meant to initiate anything, content with teasing the elder, but shit, he's not going to pass up on this.

Jeongguk:

you always make me feel so good

Yoongi:

I'm glad. love that I can make you feel like that

what would you want me to do first?

Jeongguk swallows hard. His palm comes to rest against the front of his jeans, the pressure easing only a little at his touch. It's not enough. He unzippers them, pushing the denim down his legs as fast as possible until he's in his underwear. Maybe he should go slower, move his hand through the material at first. But Taehyung was right earlier; he has no self control, and that applies to this as much as to food. Jeongguk's hand slips under the waistband of his boxers, a soft sigh escaping his lips as he takes hold of himself.

Jeongguk:

your tongue in me

The answer almost surprises Jeongguk himself despite typing it. He'd always figured he would be a typical blowjob loving kind of guy. And he's not pretending as though he doesn't enjoy them too - they're fucking amazing. But god, when Yoongi's tongue was inside him in the shower, *fuck*, it was a whole other level.

Yoongi:

fuck

you like that Kook?

Jeongguk:

so much

Yoongi:

I meant what I said the other week. I'd love to try making you come just from my tongue

Oh god. Jeongguk's not sure he can handle this kind of talk without coming ridiculously fast. Every sentence Yoongi types is making his cock throb powerfully. He tries to keep the slide of his hand as slow as he can manage, not wanting this to be over too quickly.

Jeongguk:

I bet you could. felt so close last time

Yoongi:

I won't stop next time then

I'm so hard just imagining it

Jeongguk takes a deep, steadying breath. He gets that surreal feeling once again, like he can't quite believe that it's *Yoongi* writing these things to him. Jeongguk clears his throat, breath catching as his thumb rubs across his slit just right. He feels like the conversation has moved on enough to ask his next question.

Jeongguk:

show me

please?

Yoongi:

um

hell no

Yoongi's response snaps Jeongguk out of his lust filled haze. He knows it was a bit of a long shot to ask, given how shy Yoongi gets when Jeongguk eyes his body too intently in real life or focuses too much attention on him. But god he really wants to see how turned on Yoongi is right now.

Jeongguk:

please hyung

I'll show you too

Yoongi:

I'm fine with my imagination thanks

Jeongguk:

but I'm so hard for you right now

don't you want to see?

There's a longer pause than normal between messages. Jeongguk is a little anxious, wondering not for the first time if he's pushed a little too far. Thankfully after not too much longer another message appears.

Yoongi:

send yours first

Jeongguk:

promise to send one back?

Yoongi:

maybe

The vague hint of a photo is enough for Jeongguk and he's pretty sure if Jimin or Taehyung knew about his eagerness then he'd never hear the end of it. This is not something he ever plans on sharing with them however. Jeongguk inches down his underwear, the cool air hitting the heated skin of his cock. He grips it at the base, using his other hand to snap the picture. He's pretty sure that one of the first rules of being an idol is to not do stupid, potentially career-ruining things like send people photos of your dick but it's Yoongi; Jeongguk trusts him above anyone else. Even before they were together, Yoongi's fierce loyalty to the members was always clear. Jeongguk presses send.

There's an agonising few moments once Yoongi's received the photo in which he types nothing. Soon enough however Yoongi is typing again.

Yoongi:

you have no idea how hot that pic is

its been far too long since I've had the chance to appreciate for real

A warmth spreads through Jeongguk at Yoongi's words, so glad that the elder enjoyed the photo and that it wasn't too much.

Jeongguk:

show me how much you liked it

please

please yoongi

It's pretty embarrassing just how desperate Jeongguk is to see. It was only last night that he had Yoongi in his hands, in his mouth. It's just that knowing that Yoongi's so hard for him right now but he's unable to see; it's insanely frustrating. When Yoongi sends his next message Jeongguk's heart leaps into his throat.

Yoongi:

I swear to god if you show this to ANYONE then I'm never speaking to you again

Jeongguk:

I promise

I would never

Jeongguk waits anxiously for a response. The seconds seem to drag by until finally, *finally*, a notification pops up. He opens it with absurd eagerness. Once the photo loads Jeongguk inhales sharply.

Fuck. It looks so, so good. Yoongi's cock is unbelievably hard, the taut skin obscured slightly by Yoongi's long fingers wrapped around it. Jeongguk just wants to reach out to feel, even though it's a ridiculous thought. He loves that the sight is now so familiar but still so arousing at the same time; the fact that it is so familiar to him in a way adding to the allure. Jeongguk kind of guesses that's what sex with someone long term is all about.

Yoongi:

...

your silence is worrying

Jeongguk shakes his head as though actually trying to shake off the dazed feeling that viewing the photo has given him. God, he wants to be with Yoongi so badly right now. He knows it's impossible but hearing his voice at least may be the next best thing.

Jeongguk

I'm just

fuck

can I call you?

Yoongi doesn't type a response. Instead the next thing Jeongguk knows his phone is ringing in his hand and he almost drops it in surprise. It's Yoongi.

"Hey," he answers and damn, his voice sounds so wrecked right now.

"Hey," Yoongi echoes, his voice similarly strained.

Neither of say anything more but both let out awkward, breathless laughter. The distance that the texts provided seems to erode a little and the thought of saying some of these things out loud suddenly seems rather nerve wracking. Jeongguk is immensely glad when Yoongi speaks first.

"So good to hear your voice," he says. The way he talks it's as though they hadn't just seen each other the previous night, but Jeongguk kind of gets it.

"Yours too," Jeongguk replies, swallowing thickly before pushing himself to keep the conversation moving in the right direction. "I liked your photo."

"Only for you, remember?" Yoongi tells him lowly. Jeongguk knows he means it as a gentle reminder not to let others see it, accidentally or not, but something in the phrasing sends a shiver running through him.

"Of course," Jeongguk assures him.

He can hear Yoongi take a deep breath on the other end of the phone before asking, "are you touching yourself?"

"Yes," Jeongguk gasps softly, his grip on himself tightening just slightly. "Are you?"

"Yes," Yoongi replies even though the shakiness of his breathing is something of a giveaway anyway.

"Where are you?" Jeongguk asks.

"In the studio," Yoongi tells him. Jeongguk's not sure why that makes things so much hotter. Something about the fact it means that Yoongi just can't hold back despite the semi public location, he supposes. "I've like, quadruple checked that the door is locked."

Jeongguk huffs out a laugh. "Good."

"Kook, can I ask you something?" Yoongi says quickly.

His words are fast and run into each other. Jeongguk's not sure if it's because he's so turned on or whether he's trying to get the sentence out before he changes his mind.

"Sure," he replies.

"Did you-" Yoongi pauses a moment, starting again. "Before that first morning, did you ever think about me, you know, in this way?"

Jeongguk doesn't play games, wanting to tell him the truth. Maybe it was something to be ashamed of once, but he thinks - he hopes - that Yoongi will enjoy hearing it now.

"Yes," Jeongguk tells him. "If I'm completely honest I thought about a few different guys before this, but always came back to you."

"Fuck. Really?" Yoongi breathes.

Jeongguk murmurs a low noise of agreement. "Used to jerk off in the shower thinking about you so much. What it would be like to be with you. To be fucked by you."

"*God,* Kook," Yoongi groans quietly.

Jeongguk's surprising himself by talking like he is but the sounds he hears escaping Yoongi boost him immensely, amplified like they are down the phone line.

"I can't believe that my first time was with you," Jeongguk says, voice dropping to something close to a whisper. "It was so incredible."

Yoongi lets out a soft sound, a cross between a whimper and a sigh. "I'm glad. It- it meant a lot to me."

There's a twist deep in Jeongguk's chest at Yoongi's comment. He could never have imagined that first time that they would end up where they are now. That his hyung could have harboured deeper feelings for him. A few moments of quiet pass in which all Jeongguk can hear is their laboured breathing.

"I remember how amazing it felt to first be inside of you," Yoongi murmurs. "Wish so much that I could be right now."

"Wish that too," Jeongguk tells him. "It's been too long. I need you to fuck me so badly, Yoongi."

Jeongguk can't fail to notice the way Yoongi's breath draws in, quick and sharp, at this words. It might sound like an exaggeration but it's true. He *needs* Yoongi in a way he can't explain, like a hot itch under his skin that's only soothed by the feel of the older man inside him. Yoongi satisfies that deepest ache in him and he craves it right now like nothing else.

"Keep talking like that, Kook, and I'm gonna be buying a plane ticket to Tokyo tonight," Yoongi teases, voice so fucking low and gravelly and shit, hearing it so loud down the phone like this is just doing things to Jeongguk.

"Please do," Jeongguk tells him. Yoongi lets out a quiet, cracked laugh.

"If only," Yoongi sighs. "Imagine spending the whole night together."

Jeongguk barely can. He supposes that most couples wouldn't fantasise about such a basic thing like spending a night together but with their time alone as limited as it is, to Jeongguk it sounds like a far off dream.

"How would you want to fuck me first?" Jeongguk asks, a small whimper punctuating the sentence when his hand slides just right along his length.

"Want you to ride me," Yoongi pants, and Jeongguk wonders if he's close. Jeongguk can feel the heat gathering in the pit of his stomach and he knows he's not going to last much longer.

"Fuck, Yoongi."

"Love getting to see all of you like that. You have no idea how incredible you look," Yoongi continues, his breath hitching slightly. "I can't believe it's really happening sometimes. That it's you on top of me like that."

Jeongguk whimpers again, Yoongi's words adding to the heat relentlessly building inside him, but filling a much deeper space in his chest too.

"Wanna ride you so badly, Yoongi," Jeongguk murmurs. His hand moves quicker on his cock, his release edging closer. God, he wishes he could be feeling Yoongi right now.

"I know, baby, I know," Yoongi mumbles. "When you get back we're gonna fuck, I don't even care who's around."

Jeongguk knows it's all talk, the sort of thing that slips out in a moment of passion. He knows because he feels the same, like he couldn't care less who saw them so long as Yoongi's inside him.

"Yes, Yoongi," he breathes out, words shaky as he gets closer and closer. "Want it so much. Want you."

Jeongguk's words trail off into a whisper and shit, he's going to come. The images in his mind and Yoongi's voice down the phone, it's all too much.

"Fuck, I'm gonna-"

Jeongguk doesn't get to hear the end of Yoongi's sentence as his words are replaced by a deep groan. The thought of Yoongi coming, spilling over his hand in his studio from Jeongguk's words, brings Jeongguk crashing over the edge too.

He gasps loudly, a drawn out moan soon following as the intense pleasure of his orgasm floods his body. He thinks too late that he should have removed his shirt, the fabric getting splattered with white, but Jeongguk honestly couldn't care less. It feels so good. He keeps his hand moving as long as he can stand it.

"Shit," Yoongi laughs breathlessly down the phone.

"Yeah," Jeongguk replies dazedly. It takes a while for the haze he's in to disappear and then he's laughing too.

"Well," Yoongi says. "That was a first."

Jeongguk grins lazily to himself. He likes the thought that it's a new experience for the both of them. They both sit there in silence for a while, coming down from their highs.

"Wish you were here," Jeongguk sighs. As much as he wants him here for the sex, he misses Yoongi's presence right now, the time when they give in to slow, tired kisses and gentle touches.

"Me too, Kook," Yoongi replies.

They chat lightly for a while, simply taking the time to soak in each other's voices down the phone. Jeongguk lets the low timbre wash over him. Yoongi's not saying anything particularly significant but just hearing him sends a warmth into every part of Jeongguk. They talk until the tiredness becomes too hard to fight off and eventually they force themselves to hang up.

Jeongguk wonders if saying good night before falling asleep alone will ever get easier.

*

The next day comprises of a photoshoot and a couple of interviews, but compared to what their schedules can sometimes be like it's a fairly relaxed day. Jeongguk messages Yoongi now and again throughout the day and a sort of warm glow settles over him at knowing that the elder is thinking of him.

It's just after lunch on their way to one of the interviews that Jeongguk's notification sounds but this time it's from Jimin rather than Yoongi.

Jimin:

Kookie

IDK what you're messaging Yoongi but please stop

he's been walking round the house all morning with a stupid smile on his face

it's freaking everyone out

Jeongguk blushes as he reads the message. He quickly types back.

Jeongguk:

as if

we've only sent a few messages!!

Jimin:

ah. must be because of all the late night phone sex then

credit where credit's due

you've certainly made him more adventurous

Jeongguk actually splutters at those lines. He knows that Taehyung insinuated this morning that something like that may have happened, but Jeongguk adamantly denied it. Though he supposes the way his cheeks flushed bright red as he did so may have given the game away. Clearly Taehyung has taken great joy in passing the information on to Jimin.

Jeongguk:

omg

Jimin:

it must have been good if he's smiling this much

seokjin-hyung thinks he's had some sort of mental breakdown

Jeongguk:

please stop

Jimin:

well can you send him something depressing this afternoon

we've got to do some filming. the viewers are gonna think he's been drugged up or something

Jeongguk:

I hate you

Jimin:

wow so it is true

couples DO start to sound alike

Jeongguk feels like he can hear Jimin cackling all the way from Seoul.

*

"Looking good, Kook," Taehyung grins. He gives Jeongguk a double thumbs up as the younger walks into the room, until Taehyung's face is carefully moved back into position by the make up artist.

"Thanks," Jeongguk mumbles.

His clothes and make up have been done already in his own hotel room. Jeongguk looks in the mirror; he must admit, he doesn't look half bad. As always he is impressed by the efforts of the staff to bring out the best in their looks. He's not a huge fan of wearing make up but he doesn't mind tonight's more subtle look. He adjusts the collar of his fitted, wine coloured shirt, tugging his suit jacket back into place.

He takes out his phone and types out a message. He's enjoyed this, the easy back and forth between himself and Yoongi.

Jeongguk:

how did filming go?

Yoongi:

it went ok thanks

hows the award stuff?

Jeongguk:

not there yet. tae still getting made up

Yoongi:

are you ready?

maybe send me a pic?

if you want

Jeongguk smiles to himself. His stomach swoops a little at the request from Yoongi, dipping even further at his hesitant follow up message.

Jeongguk switches on the camera on his phone, holding it out it front of him. He tilts his head at a variety of angles, trying to find the best one for the photo. Eventually he's satisfied. He makes sure that some of his shirt and jacket makes it into the shot and smiles widely.

There's a soft click from the other side of the room. Taehyung grins at him, his own phone out taking a picture of the scene.

"Are you taking a photo of me taking a photo?" Jeongguk huffs.

"Yes," Taehyung tells him honestly. "It's modern art."

His grin disappears from Jeongguk's view as the make up artist tilts his head back into position again. Once the picture's taken Jeongguk inspects it carefully, making sure that he looks okay in it. He's reasonably happy with it so clicks the button to send. It only takes a few moments for Yoongi to respond.

Yoongi:

wow

Jeongguk's not entirely sure if that's meant in a good or bad way and Yoongi apparently isn't elaborating any further. He sends a quick reply.

Jeongguk:

???

Yoongi:

gorgeous

just

wow

Jeongguk feels like a huge smile is ready to break across his face but he tries to suppress it. Yoongi's compliments have such an effect on Jeongguk, the affection trickling into every inch of him. He feels like he doesn't quite know what to do with himself.

Jeongguk:

shut up

Yoongi:

fine

you're fucking hideous

better?

Jeongguk stops holding back his smile.

*

It's late by the time Jeongguk and Taehyung are in a taxi on their way back to the house. Their plane was delayed in Tokyo and for some reason it's annoyed Jeongguk more than usual. He feels tired and just wants to be home. His phone sounds in his pocket and Taehyung mumbles nonsensically, half asleep with his forehead against the car window. Jeongguk sees the message is from Yoongi and he opens it.

Yoongi:

Saw your plane landed ok

I'm at the studio if you wanted to come by

don't worry if you're too tired

Jeongguk gets that familiar tightening in his chest at the thought of Yoongi checking on his flight while he's working. He feels exhausted but he really wants to see Yoongi. It's stupid he knows; they'll see each other in a few hours anyway. But well-

He doesn't bother trying to excuse it. He just wants to see him. Jeongguk speaks to the taxi driver and asks him to take a detour via the studio. Taehyung looks out the window blearily as they pull up outside, confusion etched into his features.

"This isn't the house," he says sleepily.

"I know. I'm just going to say hi to Yoongi," Jeongguk tells him and he's past the point right now of feeling embarrassed about it.

"You make me sick," Taehyung mumbles, voice drowsy but filled with humour.

"I know I do," Jeongguk smiles. "I'll see you back at the house."

Taehyung just nods and settles back against the window, eyes closing again. Jeongguk grabs his bag out of the trunk before watching the car speed off into the darkness. He glances at his watch. It's just gone 1am.

The corridors are eerily gloomy and quiet as he wanders down them and he smiles to himself at how much Hoseok would probably be freaking out right now. Jeongguk eventually finds the right room and he knocks lightly on the door. There's no answer so he lets himself in.

Yoongi's sitting at the equipment, appearing deep in thought as music plays through his headphones. He fiddles with some of the buttons, eyebrows furrowing a little as he concentrates. Jeongguk just watches for a while. It fills him with something like pride and fondness and just- something unexplainable to watch him work.

Jeongguk takes his coat off, folding it on top of his bag then steps more into Yoongi's eye line. The elder visibly jumps upon seeing him but tries to play it down and instantly acts casual.

"Hey," he says, taking off his headphones.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies.

They both stay still for a few seconds. There's a hint of awkwardness in this, their first time seeing each other since the phone call and all their messages. It's broken when Yoongi stands up. He cups Jeongguk's face in his hands, and Jeongguk tilts his head down, and then finally they're kissing.

Jeongguk wraps his arms around Yoongi's waist, pulling their bodies close. Their lips part eagerly, allowing their tongues to start a slow, soft slide together. One of Yoongi's hands leaves his jaw, nestling in the strands of Jeongguk's hair instead. His fingers tilt Jeongguk's head slightly more to the side, allowing kiss to deepen further.

It feels so good to be kissing Yoongi again. Jeongguk knows it's only been just over two days apart but he's been so used to Yoongi's presence lately that to be with him again is kind of wonderful. Yoongi's tongue glides slow and deliberate against his, full of passion despite the languid pace.

Yoongi pulls back a little and leads Jeongguk over to the couch. He sits down, pulling Jeongguk into his lap. Jeongguk leans down, bringing their lips together once again, kissing so hard but still unhurried.

"Did you miss me?" Jeongguk murmurs teasingly into the kiss. Yoongi pulls back. He blinks a few times and just looks at Jeongguk, his hand returning to Jeongguk's jaw.

There's an intensity in Yoongi's eyes that catches Jeongguk completely off guard. His expression is unusual; focused and adoring and little uneasy too. Jeongguk feels like he's stepped off a ledge too soon or something under his gaze. He feels entirely unbalanced. Yoongi's eyes flicker over Jeongguk's face and he can see the bob of Yoongi's throat as he swallows thickly. Yoongi's thumb brushes against Jeongguk's cheek, and Jeongguk has to remember how to breathe.

Yoongi inhales deeply before he wets his lips. He keeps on looking at Jeongguk, keeps moving his thumb over Jeongguk's skin. For a moment Jeongguk thinks he's about to answer him but then Yoongi leans up and captures his mouth in another kiss.

They stay like that for a long time, kissing slow and deep, hands slipping beneath shirts to explore tenderly across sides and backs. Jeongguk recalls Yoongi's words from their phone call, that it didn't matter where they were, that it couldn't wait any longer and they would fuck regardless.

Jeongguk still wants that of course. He could never turn down the chance to feel Yoongi like that. But right now, just *being* with Yoongi, drinking in his kisses and touches; Jeongguk kind of feels like it's all he needs.

At some point they're disrupted by Yoongi's phone buzzing where it's been left on the desk. They both ignore it, choosing instead to remain lost in another long and intense kiss, but it keeps on ringing and grudgingly they break apart. Jeongguk stands up to allow Yoongi to move. His legs feel a little shaky. His whole body does and he knows it's not from the exhaustion but entirely from being wrapped up in Yoongi.

Yoongi picks up the phone and makes a few affirmative noises before hanging up and glancing over at Jeongguk.

"It's the taxi," he explains, almost apologetically. "I'd ordered it earlier to come now so that I didn't stay too late."

Jeongguk nods. Yoongi starts clearing up his notebooks and the bits of paper scattered over the desk. Jeongguk catches glimpses of scrawled lyrics and comments written on the pages before they're hastily shoved into Yoongi's bag. Yoongi gives the room one quick glance

over before opening the door to leave. He's stopped by Jeongguk closing the door, crowding Yoongi up against it.

"The car's waiting," Yoongi protests weakly, clearly not caring too much. He blinks up at Jeongguk, the hint of a smile ghosting over his lips.

Jeongguk leans down, delivering what he means to be a chaste kiss to Yoongi's lips but the elder wraps his arms around Jeongguk's shoulders and then they're kissing hard up against the door. They draw it out for as long as they can, making the most of this small moment of freedom outside the busy house, until Yoongi's phone starts buzzing again and they reluctantly break apart.

By the time they reach the house tiredness has fully started to seep into Jeongguk's body and from the way Yoongi's walk has turned into something of a shuffle Jeongguk thinks he's probably exhausted too. It's only as they're walking up the stairs that Jeongguk feels Yoongi's fingers entwine with his own and when they pass Jeongguk's room Yoongi doesn't let go.

"Seokjin's not here tonight," is all Yoongi says in explanation when he leads Jeongguk into his own room.

Jeongguk puts his bag down on the floor and stands awkwardly by the bed. Yoongi takes his jeans off and climbs under the covers before looking over at him, expectant and slightly nervous in the darkness. Jeongguk tugs his own jeans off and gets in too, laying on his side facing Yoongi.

Yoongi's hand finds his waist and his leg slips between Jeongguk's. Jeongguk shifts closer. Yoongi's body is warm and solid against his own. Jeongguk's arm snakes around his back, keeping them pressed tight together. Their lips meet, a brief and gentle touch. Jeongguk's heart races though somehow he's also entirely calm. They pull back only slightly, their faces inches apart on the pillow as they gradually drift off to sleep.

Jeongguk's not sure if he's ever felt quite so glad to be home.

End Notes

Thank you once again for the truly wonderful comments on the first part of this SugaKookie series. I can't express how much it brightens my day to read them <3

I hope you enjoyed reading this part. As ever, comments are really loved and appreciated :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!